

THE 38

PLAYS AND POEMS

XX
OF

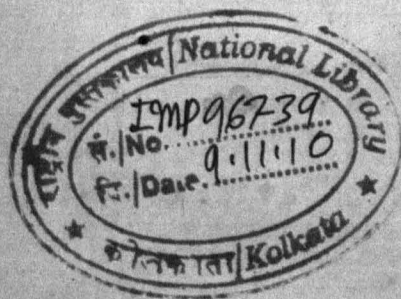
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

I

(5)



156.c-7



THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

- KING RICHARD II.
- KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST.
- KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND
- KING HENRY V.

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M DCC XC.

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

KING RICHARD II.

Vol. V.

B

. Persons Represented.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *duke of York*; } *uncles to the king.*
 John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaster*; }

Henry, *surnamed Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, son to*
 John of Gaunt; *afterwards King Henry IV.*

Duke of Aumerle¹, *son to the duke of York.*

Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley².

Bushy, }
 Bagot, } *creatures to king Richard.*
 Green, }

Earl of Northumberland:

Henry Percy, *his son.*

Lord Ros³. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal; *and another lord.*

Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.

Dutcheſs of Gloſter.

Dutcheſs of York.

Lady, attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two gardeners, keeper,
 messenger, groom, and other attendants.*

— SCENE, *dispersedly, in England and Wales.*

¹ Duke of Aumerle,] *Aumerle, or Aumale, is the French for what we now call Albemarle, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.*

² Earl Berkley.] It ought to be Lord Berkley. There was no Earl Berkley till some ages after. STEEVENS.

³ Lord Ros.] Now spelt Roos, one of the duke of Rutland's titles.

STEEVENS.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I. OF INDIA

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter king RICHARD, attended; John of GAUNT, and
other nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band²,

Brought

¹ *The life and death of King Richard II.]* But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod eam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. iv. p. 412, of Mallet's edition; "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the rhyming parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. Johnson observes,

4 KING RICHARD II.
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
 If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
 Or worthily, as a good subject should,
 On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
 On some apparent danger seen in him,
 Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

there are some expressions in this of Shakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*. FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it — “*exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Richardi secundi*”; and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of what which passed at the arraignment of Merick and others*) says, “That, the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick had procured to be played before them, the play of *deposing King Richard the Second*.” But in a more particular account of the proceeding against Merick, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol. vii. p. 60, the matter is stated thus: that “the story of HENRY IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merick and some others of the earl’s train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of HENRY IV. The players told them, that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir Gilly Merick gives forty shillings to Philips the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get.”

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe play-house with Shakspeare in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not Shakspeare’s HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationers’ Hall by Andrew Wise, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the same year. MALONE.

² — *thy catb and band*,] When these publick challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. STEEVENS.

Band and Bond were formerly synonymous. See vol. ii. p. 178. n. 7.

MALONE.

K. Rich.

KING RICHARD II.

5

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak;—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)

In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,

And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appellat to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,

Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn³ sword may
prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

³ — *right-drawn*] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain;
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable⁴
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

4 — *inhabitable*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*. JOHNSON.
 Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his *Catiline*:

“And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place.” STEEVENS.

So also Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented desarts and *inhabited* provinces.” MALONE.

KING RICHARD II.

7

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us⁵
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments⁶,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death^{*};
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,

⁵ — *that can inherit us &c.*] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ ——— such delight

“ Among fresh female buds shall you this night

“ *Inherit* at my house.” STEEVENS.

See vol. i. p. 79. n. 9. MALONE.

⁶ — *for lewd employments*,] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes. MALONE.

^{*} — *the duke of Gloster's death*;] Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III. ; who was murdered at Calais in 1397. MALONE.

B 4

How

How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears :
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)

Now by my scepter's awe⁶ I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' foldiers :
The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

⁶ — my scepter's awe —] The reverence due to my scepter. JOHNSON.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
 This we prescribe, though no physician;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision:
 Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

H. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry⁸? when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot⁹.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
 The one, my duty owes; but my fair name,
 (Despight of death, that lives upon my grave¹),
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here^{*};
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
 The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

⁸ When, *Harry*?] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613; again, in *Look about you*, 1600. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *no boot*.] That is, *no advantage*, *no success*, in *lay* or *refusal*. JOHNS.

¹ — *my fair name, &c.*] That is, *my name that lives in my grave in despight of death*. This easy passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

* — *and baffled here*;] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: "*Bafulling*, says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openly persecuted, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name, wondering, crying, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 3. st. 37; and b. vi. c. 7. st. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, sc. ult.

"Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?"

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. sc. ii:

"— an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me." STEEVENS.

Which

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea; but not change their spots²: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.

Boling. O God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive³ of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design⁴ the victor's chivalry.—

Lord

² — but not change their spots:] The old copies have—his spots.
Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ The slavish motive—] That which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

⁴ Justice design—] To design in our author's time signified to mark out. See Minshew's DICT. in v. "To designe or shew by a token. Ital. Denotare. Lat. Designare." At the end of the article the reader is referred

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, and dutchess of Gloster⁵.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had⁶ in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclains,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
For we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain his vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,

ferred to the words "to make, note, demonstrate or shew."—The word is still used with this signification in Scotland.—Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*decide*. MALONE.

⁵ — *dutchess of Gloster.*] The Dutchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

⁶ — *the part I had*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. HANMER.

In

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy annointed in his fight,
 Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt,
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight;
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
 Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
 With her companion grief must end her life.

⁷ — *may I complain myself?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables. STEEVENS.

So also Fairfax and other contemporaries of our author. MALONE.

⁸ *A catiff recreant*—] *Catiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

ἡμῶν τῆς ἀπείρας ἀποκαταστάσεως ἡμεῶν.

In this passage it partakes of all these significations. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *catiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *caprif*, but from *cherif*, Fr. poor miserable. TIERWHITT.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls⁹,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where¹:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green near Coventry.

Lifts set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal² and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Gosford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in,

⁹ — *unfurnish'd walls,*] In our ancient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the Preface to the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, begun in 1512. STEEVENS.

¹ *To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;*] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense:

—— let him not come there

To seek out sorrow:—that dwells every where. WHALLEY.

² — *Lord Marshal*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama. MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd; and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath!
And so³ defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk⁴;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue⁵,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

³ And so—] The old copies read—As so. STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — Norfolk,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. STEEV.

⁵ — and my succeeding issue,] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads—his succeeding issue. The first quarto copy of this play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio, and the quartos of 1608, and 1615, from the latter of which the folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder reading. MALONE.

Mowbray's issue was, by this accusation in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come among other reasons for their sake; but the reading of the folio is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven ! [*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour ; preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou
hither,

Before king Richard, in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shedd,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

[*Boling.*

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:
 As confident, as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
 My loving lord, [*to Lord Marsh.*] I take my leave of you;—
 Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
 Not sick, although I have to do with death;
 But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.—
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
 O thou, the earthly authour of my blood,— [*to Gaunt.*]
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,—
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayer;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat⁶,
 And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
 Be swift like lightning in the execution;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
 Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency⁷, and saint George to thrive!
 [*He takes his seat.*]

Nor. [*rising.*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

⁶ — *waxen coat.*] *Waxen* may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body. Of these many are to be seen in the Tower of London.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *mine innocency*—] Old Copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast⁸ of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest⁹,
Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The king and the lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boiling. [*rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. God har this lance [*to an officer.*] to Thomas duke
of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, combatants.
[*A charge sounded.*]
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down¹.

⁸ *This feast of battle*—] “War is death’s feast,” is a proverbial saying. See Ray’s Collection. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *as to jest,*] *To jest* sometimes signifies in old language, *to play a part in a mask.* FARMER.

¹ — *hath thrown his warder down*] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again :—
Withdraw with us :—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*
[to the Combatants.

Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride²
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on³
To wake our peace⁴, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories :—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,—
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;

² *And for we think the eagle-winged pride &c.*] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598. *POPE.*

Dr. Warburton thinks with some probability that these lines were rejected by *Shakspeare* himself. His idle cavil, that "peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep", is refuted by *Mr. Steevens* in the subsequent note. *MALONE.*

³ —set you on] The old copy reads—on you. Corrected by *Mr. Pope.* *MALONE.*

⁴ *To wake our peace,*] It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace is to introduce discord.* *Peace asleep,* is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frightened by the clamours of war. *STEEVENS.*

And

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
The fly-slow hours⁵ shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—
The hopeless word of—never to return—
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit⁶, not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hand.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips ;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now ;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death.

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate⁷ ;

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [retiring.]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

⁵ *The fly-slow hours—*] Mr. Pope reads—*fly-slow*. The former word appears to me more intelligible :—" the thievish minutes as they pass." MALONE.

⁶ *A dearer merit—*] *Merit* is here used for *meed* or *reward*. MALONE.

⁷ — *compassionate* ;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves⁸.)
 To keep the oath that we administer:—
 You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
 Embrace each other's love in banishment;
 Nor never look upon each other's face;
 Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
 This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
 Nor never by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy⁹;—
 By this time, had the king permitted us,
 One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
 Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
 Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
 Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
 My name be blotted from the book of life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
 And all too soon, I fear the king shall rue.—
 Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;

⁸ (*Our part &c.*) It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banish'd man may be still tied in allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Norfolk, so far &c.* I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line, but suppose the meaning to be this: *Norfolk, so far* I have address'd myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons*. JOHNSON.

All the old copies read: *so fare*. STEEVENS.

Surely *fare* was a misprint for *farre*, the old spelling of the word now placed in the text—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should shew some courtesy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be, So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

Save

IMP96739 DE 9.11.10

Save back to England, all the world's my way¹. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [*to Bol.*] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow²:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice³,

¹ — *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

“The world was all before them, where to choose

“Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.” JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice, where, says Holinshed, “for thought and melancholy he deceased.” MALONE.

I should point the passage thus:

— Now no way can I stray

Save back to England:—all the world's my way.

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England. MASON.

² *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

³ — *upon good advice,*] Upon great consideration. See Vol. I. p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave⁴;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like father:—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander⁵ fought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fallen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

⁴ — a party-verdict gave;] i. e. you had yourself a part or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

⁵ A partial slander—] That is, the reprobach of partiality. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd⁶ ;
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure⁷ or a dance :
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand⁸,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

⁶ — *strew'd* ;] i. e. with rushes. See Hentzner's account of the presence-chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, in 1598. *ITINERAR.* p. 135. MALONE.

⁷ — *a delightful measure*—] See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ O, who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.] Fire is here, as in many other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he says :—
“ Sed una se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum :
ut si quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patitur, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusus fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates.”
The *Tusculan Questions* of Cicero had been translated early enough for Shakspeare to have seen them. STEEVENS.

By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet foil,
 adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREENE; AU-
 MERLE following.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
 But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me¹: except the north-east wind,
 Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
 Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
 Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

¹ — yet a true-born Englishman.] Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second. JOHNSON.

² — none by me:] The old copies read—for me. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Farewel:

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green²,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope³.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;—
Expedient⁴ manage must be made, my liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,

² — Bagot here, and Greene,] The old copies read—*here Bagot*. The transposition was made in a quarto of no value, printed in 1634. MALONE.

³ And he our subjects' next degree in hope.] *Spes altera Romæ. Virg.*
MALONE.

⁴ Expedient—] is *expeditious*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 167, n. 6; p. 404, n. 8. MALONE.

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

K. Rich. Busby, what news?

Busby. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord;
 Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Busby. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT on a couch; the duke of YORK³ and others standing
 by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
 In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
 For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

³ — the duke of York—] was Edmund, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more

Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and musick at the close⁶.
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state; then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy⁷;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation:

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be now, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard⁸.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose⁹;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash¹ fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:

⁶ — *at the close,*] This I suppose to be a musical term. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Report of fashions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels, against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *whose way himself will choose;*] Do not attempt to guide him, who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course. JOHNSON.

¹ — *rash*—] That is, *hasty*, violent. JOHNSON.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,
 Against infection; and the hand of war²;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands³;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed⁴, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm⁵:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds⁶;

That

² *Against infection, &c.*] I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islands are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*.

JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted—"Against infection, &c." Perhaps the word might be *infection*, if such a word was in use. FARNER.

³ — *less happier lands* ;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *less happy*. I believe Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier* according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Fear'd by their breed*,] i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

⁵ — *or pelting farm* ;] See Vol. II. p. 40. n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ — *rotten parchment bonds* ;] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.

Gaunt

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter King RICHARD, and Queen⁷; AUMERLE⁸, BUSHY,
GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS⁹, and WILLOUGHBY¹.*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

Gaunt does not allude to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstance of his having actually farmed out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act he says,

“And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,

“We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm.” MASON.

⁷ *Queen*;] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

⁸ *Aumerle*;] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

⁹ *Ross*;—] was William Lord Ross, (and so should be printed) of Ham-lake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

¹ *Willoughby*;—] was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No! no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy annointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease:

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king:

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law²;

And—

K. Rich. — Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,

Presuming on an ague's privilege,

² *Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;*] The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond-slave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *state of law* somewhat differently: "Thy royal estate, which is established by the law, is now in virtue of thy having leased it out, subjected &c." MALONE.

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
 Maybe a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
 Join with the present sickness that I have;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.³
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—

³ *And thy unkindness be like crooked age,*

To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Shakspeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying a sickle as well as a scythe. A sickle was anciently called a crook, and sometimes, as in the following instance, crooked may mean armed with a crook. So, in Kendall's *Epigrams*, 1577:

"The regall king and crooked clowne,

"All one alike death driveth downe."

Again, in the 100th sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Give my love, fame, faster than time wastes life,

"So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife."

Again, in the 119th:

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

"Within his bending sickle's compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that crooked is an epithet bestowed on age in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Now yield to death o'er-laid by crooked age."

In that passage no allusion to a scythe can be supposed. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind, the bend of age and the sickle of time, which he confounded together.

MASON,

Love

Love they ⁴ to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his attendants.]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his.
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND ⁵.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be ⁶:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else ⁷,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,

⁴ Love they—] That is, let them love. JOHNSON.

⁵ — Northumberland—] was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
WALPOLE.

⁶ — our pilgrimage must be:] i. e. is yet to come. MASON.

⁷ — where no venom else,] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage^s, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours^o;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;

^s *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*

About his marriage,] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

^o *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true!)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attornies-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage*,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Go, Busby, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
 Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
 To see this business: To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
 Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.]

[Exeunt King, Queen, Bus. AUM. GRE. and BAG.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rofs. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
 more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

* — deny his offer'd homage,] That is, refuse to admit the homage,
 by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

Will.

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Refs. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs
are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Refs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Refs. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Refs. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not², but securely perish³.

Refs.

² And yet we strike not,] To strike the sails, is, to contrail them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

³ —but securely perish.] We perish by too great confidence in our

Refs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoyded is the danger⁴ now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Refs. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter⁵,

His

security. The word is used in the same sense in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Though Ford be a *secure* fool, &c. MALONE.

⁴ And unavoyded is the danger—] *Unavoyded* is, I believe, here used for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

⁵ The son of Richard earl of Arundel,

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable; it not being found in the old copies. Mr. Steevens observed, that "all the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those embarked with Bolingbroke are here mentioned with great exactness, except 'Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill.' And yet this nobleman is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having *broke from the Duke of Exeter*." From hence he very justly inferred, that a line must have been lost, "in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place."

The passage in Holinshed relative to this matter ran thus: "About the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by means of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest persuation of Thomas Arundell, late Archbishoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbishop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line

was

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury⁶,
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
 Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out⁷ our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned ; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His brother*) must refer to the old Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inserted such words as render the passage intelligible. In Act V. sc. ii. of the play before us, a line of a rhyming couplet was passed over by the printer of the first folio :

“ Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.”

It has been recovered from the quarto. In *Coriolanus* Act II. sc. ult. a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been supplied.

The christian name of Sir Thomas Ramston is changed to *John*, and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies. These perhaps were likewise mistakes of the press, but are scarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

⁶ — archbishop late of Canterbury,] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king ; whence he is here called, late of Canterbury. STEEVENS.

⁷ Imp out—] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*. Turberville has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's feather, howe soever it be broken or broofed*. STEEV.

KING RICHARD II.

Rofs. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them that fear.
Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did ; to please myself,
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard : Yet again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
 Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles⁸ : at something it grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which shew like grief itself, but are not so
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form⁹ : so your sweet majesty,

Looking

⁸ *With nothing trembles :*] I suppose it is the unborn sorrow which she calls nothing, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEV.

⁹ *Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,*

Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,

Distinguish form :—] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in optics, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of perspective are inverted : so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion : and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station ; or, as Shakspeare says, ey'd awry. WARBURTON.

Like perspectives, &c.] Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of " pictures upon an indented board, which

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so, but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think¹,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit², my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve³:

'Tis

which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus. "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye beholding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

So in Hentzner, 1598. Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstrosum quid representans, sed si quis—effigiem recta intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur."

FARMER.

¹ *As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—*] We should read: *As though in thinking*; that is, *though musing*, I have no distinct idea of calamity. The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here very forcibly described.

JOHNSON.

² *'Tis nothing but conceit,*] *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, used for a fanciful conception. MALONE.

³ *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:] With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this: My trouble is not conceit, for conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause, some fore-father grief; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause hath produced a fancied grief. That is, my grief is not conceit, because it either

40 KING RICHARD II.

'Tis in reversion that I do possess⁴;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland,

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his
power⁵,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

has not a cause like conceit, or it has a conceit like conceit. This can hardly
stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my something grief;

Not something hath the nothing that I grieve:

That is, my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from
some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief without a
real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This, I think,
must be the meaning; harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction
or absurdity. JOHNSON.

⁴ 'Tis in reversion that I do possess;] As the grief the queen felt was
for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least yet come to
her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief she then actually
possessed was still in reversion, as she had no right to feel the grief until
the event should happen which was to occasion it. MASON.

⁵ — might have retir'd his power,] Might have drawn it back. A
French sense. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Each one, by him enforc'd, retires his ward." MALONE.
And

KING RICHARD II.

41

And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors.

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir⁶:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit makes,

⁶ *And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:]* The Queen had said before that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her;" she talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the next line,

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy. MASON.

Now

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came,

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah,

Get thee to Plasby⁷, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth⁸ had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there no poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?⁹

Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay⁹: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the ſer.*] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit ſerv.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.

⁷ *Get thee to Plasby.*—] The lordſhip of Plasby was a town of the dutcheſs of Gloſter's in Eſſex. See Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

⁸ — *untruth*.—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay*:] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. STEEVENS.

Well,

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you :—Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-Castle.
I should to Plashy too ;—
But time will not permit :—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

Busby. The wind fits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons : for their love
Lies in their purses ; and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle :
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you : for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us ;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with me ?

Bagot. No ; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewel : if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry ;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Busby. Farewell at once ; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

*The wilds in Gloucestershire.**Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with forces.**Boling.* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found

In Rofs and Willoughby, wanting your company;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess:

And hope to joy¹, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words.² But who comes here?*Enter Harry PERCY.**North.* It is my son, young Harry Percy, sent
From my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his
health of you.*North.* Why, is he not with the queen?

¹ *And hope to joy,—*] To joy is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second act of *K. Henry IV*: "Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose." Again, in *K. Henry VI*. P. II:

"Was ever king that joy'd on earthly throne—."

The word is again used with the same signification in the play before us. MALONE.

Percy.

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor,
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;

And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Scymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster² ;
And I am come to seek that name in England :
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord ; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out³ :—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York ; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time⁴,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you ;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle ! [*kneels.*]

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

² — my answer is—to Lancaster ;] Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is, It is not to him ; it is to the Duke of Lancaster. MALONE.

³ To raze one title of your honour out :—] “How the names of them which for capital crimes against majesty were erased out of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large.” Camden's Remaines, p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

⁴ — the absent time,] i. e. time of the king's absence. JOHNSON.

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why⁵;—Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms⁶?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition⁷ stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

⁵ *But then more why*;—] But, *as*, add more questions. This is the reading of the first quarto, 1597, which in the second, and all the subsequent copies, was corrupted thus: *But more than why*. The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:

“Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.” MALONE.

⁶ *And ostentation of despised arms*?] Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.
So, in this play:

“We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *On what condition*—] It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit.

JOHNSON.

York's reply supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

“Ev'n in condition, &c.” MALONE.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye⁸ :
 You are my father, for, methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd,
 A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born⁹ ?
 If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am deny'd to sue my livery here¹,
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrai'n'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attornies are dehy'd me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Rofs. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great,

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be :
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,

⁸ — *with an indifferent eye :* i. e. with an impartial eye. "Every juryman," says Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial, and *indifferent*." MALONE.

⁹ — *Wherefore was I born ? &c.*] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession ? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

¹ — *to sue my livery here,*] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV, sc. iii. MALONE.

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll
pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to ~~the~~ welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with ~~me~~ past care. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV².

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY³, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;

² This scene Dr. Johnson suspects to have been accidentally transposed. In the author's draught he supposes it to have been the second scene in the ensuing act. MALONE.

³ — *Salisbury*—] was John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

WALPOLE.

Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd⁴,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [Exit.]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind with
BUSHY, and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood

⁴ *The bay-trees &c.*] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c. STEEVENS.

From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have mislaid a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean⁵.
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
 Stole the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks⁶, and fell'd my forest woods;
 From my own windows torn my household coat⁷,
 Raz'd out my impress⁸, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Busby. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,

⁵ — and disfigur'd clean.] *Clean* has here the signification of altogether, totally. So, in our author's 75th Sonnet:

“And by and by, *clean*-starved for a look.” MALONE.

⁶ Dispark'd my parks,] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Dissepio*. I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. STEEVENS.

⁷ From my own windows torn my household coat,] It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

⁸ Raz'd out my impress, &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585, observes, “that the arms &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set.” STEEVENS.

KING RICHARD II.

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Nor. and others, with prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

*Flourish: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD,
Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?

*2 Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;*

A while to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See p. 61. sc. iii. Stowe expressly says that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle." MALONE.

¹ Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act. JOHN

Aum.

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting²;

As weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it³, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed foldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

² *As a long parted mother with her child*

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;]

“Ως εἰπων, αλοχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν εἴηκε

“Παῖδ' εὖν' ἢ δαρά μιν κινῶναι δεξιᾷ κολπῇ

“ΔΑΚΡΥΘΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ.” *Hom. Il. Z.*

Perhaps *smiles* is here used as a substantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same time smiling, at meeting him.

It has been proposed to read—*smiles in weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long-parted* mother and her child do not *meet*, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or tears. MALONE.

³ Guard it,] That is, border it. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world⁴,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an annointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose⁵

The

⁴ — and *lights the lower world*,] The old copies read—that lights. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text:

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights

The lower world, is hid behind the globe;—

By the *lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, a *world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *Antipodes*. But the *lower world* may signify *our world*. MALONE.

⁵ *The breath of worldly men &c.*] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whole

The deputy elected by the Lord:
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
 Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late.
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
 And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
 All souls that will be safe; fly from my side;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
 Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
 Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original
 of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish.

⁶ *Awake, thou coward majesty!*] Thus the quarto. The folio has
 —thou sluggard majesty. MALONE.

⁷ *Is not the king's name forty thousand names?*] Thus in *King
 Richard III.*

“Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.”
 See a speech of Antigonus in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. II. p. 199,
 4to. Gr. S. W.

E 4

Arm,

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
'Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints⁹
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

⁸ *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. *JOHNS.*

⁹ — *and clap their female joints*] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads — *and clasp*—; which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. But the emendation does not seem absolutely necessary. *MALONE.*

Thy

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows¹
Of double-fatal yew² against thy state;
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy feat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green³?

That

[*Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmen*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsmen* of his patron. *Beadsmen* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: As "boys strive to speak big, and clasp their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c." so his "very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows" against him. *Their* does not absolutely denote that *the bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

² *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. WARB.

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

³ *Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?*

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?] Here are four of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says: *Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead?* So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question: and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. It seems probable to me that he wrote

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is *be got*? THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is be got* does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation